

A Story of Pioneer Life.

The lawyer's eyes glittered. If he had only had the luck to come to Tip Top when some serious breach of the law had been

partnership with every rascal in the camp. The fact that he's here, ready and anxious to help them out of any scrape they get into, is an aid and encouragement to all

"Well, Watkins," he remarked, "you are in a bad fix."
"I know, I know," said poor Tom, shivering at the recollection of the cottonwood tree's stout arm so invitingly extended. "But you'll save me, Mr. Barnaby; there's a good fellow."
"H'm." Barnaby's face assumed an

took with much wisdom and dramatic skill, preferring no direct charges against them and introducing no direct testimony, but getting his line of argument before the jury by a series of adroit insinuations and significant questions. With much circumspection he inquired of Mrs. O'Leary whether or not she had once caused the

"Ha, ha, ha! It is a good joke. A very good joke," said Mr. Barnaby, changing his tack. "You quite made me think you were in earnest. I actually forgot that I myself have not been on trial."

"I must correct you, Mr. Barnaby," said

Relief.
Lewiston Journal.
When a man is hanging by his toes from a corner of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely at home in bed.

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